

McGraw-Hill Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM
BOYD



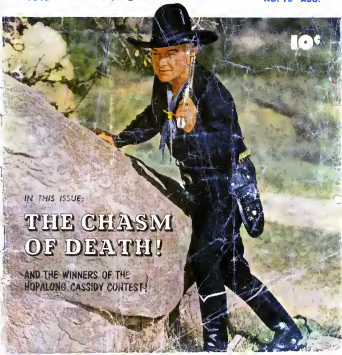
NO. 70 AUG.

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IN THIS ISSUE:

THE CHASM OF DEATH!

AND THE WINNERS OF THE
HOPALONG CASSIDY CONTEST!





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Answer: Only One winner not eligible. Make copy of girl's leg, high, frontal or pen only. Craft lettering. All drawings must be received by August 31, 1952. None returned. Winners notified.

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Please enter my attached drawing in your August drawing contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
WILLIAM BOYD

THE RIVER
ROUTE RIDDLE



A MYSTERIOUS NOTE, A THWARTED WEDDING,
AN ABDUCTION AND A HIT FLOTTING DOWN
THE RIVER! THESE ARE THE FACTS THAT
HOPALONG CASSIDY KNOWS AS HE TRIES TO
PIECE THEM TOGETHER TO FIGURE OUT THE
ANSWER TO

THE RIVER ROUTE RIDDLE!

HERE'S MY WEDDING GIFT TO YOU,
BILLY DEAR, MY ENTIRE LIFE'S
SAVINGS—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.
YOU AGREE TO GIVE IT TO YOU
ON OUR WEDDING DAY AND
HERE IT IS!

DESSIE,
YOU'RE
WONDER-
FUL! I'M
A LUCKY
GUY TO
GET A GIRL
LIKE YOU!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

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4 FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THE CLERK HAIN'T HERE!
WE'LL GO RIGHT UP TO
HIS ROOM!



OH, NO! THE ROOM IS IN A
SHAMBLES! IT'S OBVIOUS
THERE WAS A BIG
FIGHT HERE!

(GASP) HAIN'T BRAD'S
GONE? (NO!) OH, I HAIN'T
SOMETHING TERRIBLE
WOLD HAPPEN TO HIM.



NOW DON'T GO IMAGINING THE
WORST UNTIL WE FIND OUT—
WAIT, THERE'S THE HOTEL CLERK!
PERHAPS HE CAN GIVE US SOME
INFORMATION!



THAT'S WHAT
I WAS GOING
TO ASK
YOU!

HOPALONG!
I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR
YOU! BUT I SEE
YOU'VE BEEN
UPSTAIRS!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?



ALL I KNOW IS THAT A COUPLE OF
HOURS AGO I HEARD AN AWFUL
COMOTION FROM HAINLEY'S
ROOM! I WAS GOING TO RUN UP
WHEN I HEARD GUNSHOTS! I
DECIDED TO CALL YUH
INSTEAD!



I WAS OUT AT
PETE BRAD'S
SPREAD ON BUSINESS
UNTIL A LITTLE WHILE
AGO! BUT IT'S TOO
BAD I HAIN'T
AROUND!

YUH WEREN'T
IN YOUR OFFICE
SO I'VE BEEN
RANGING ALL
OVER TOWN
TO FIND
YUH!

(SOB)
GUNSNOTS!
BRAD'S BEEN
KILLED! I
KNOW IT!



YOU DON'T KNOW ANY
SUCH THING! JUST BECAUSE
THERE WAS SOME SHOOT-
ING DOESN'T MEAN
ANYONE WAS KILLED!
NOW YOU'D BETTER
GO HOME AND REST
UP!

(SOB,
SOB)



I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO FIND YUH, HOPALONG!
I SAW SOME DIRTY
WORK GOING ON
BEFORE!

DIRTY
WORK?
WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

A FEW HOURS AGO I SAW A WALRUS-
 MUSTACHED HOMBRE CLIMBING DOWN
 THE BACK HILL OF THE HOTEL WITH
 WHAT LOOKED LIKE A BLANKET-
 COVERED BODY! BEFORE I HAD A
 CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING, HE
 RODE OFF ON A BUCKBOARD!



(GOSH) THAT
 MUST HAVE
 BEEN BRUD
 UNDER THE
 BLANKET!

JESSICA, DID
 YOU EVEN SEE
 HIM WITH A
 MAN WHO HAD A
 WALRUS
 MUSTACHE?



NO, NEVER! (GOSH) BUT
 IT'S OBVIOUS HE'S THE
 HOMBRE WHO WROTE
 BRUD THE NOTE TELLING
 HIM BACK TO THE HOTEL
 SO HE COULD SHOOT
 HIM! AND THEN HE
 RODE OFF WITH HIM!

THAT'S WHAT
 IT LOOKS
 LIKE RIGHT
 NOW, BUT
 WE'D
 BETTER
 FIND OUT
 FOR SURE
 FIRST!



DID YOU SEE
 IN WHAT
 DIRECTION
 HE WENT?

YUP! HE HEADED
 FOR THE RIVER
 ROUTE!



THE RIVER
 ROUTE, EH?
 MAYBE I CAN
 GET ON HIS
 TRAIL!

I'M GOING WITH
 YOU, HOPALONG!
 (GOSH) BRUD AND
 I WERE TO BE
 WED TOGETHER! I-
 I MUST FIND
 OUT WHAT
 HAPPENED!



ALL RIGHT, JESSICA! I KNOW
 NOW YOU FEEL I'LL HITCH UP
 A BUCKBOARD AND BE RIGHT
 BACK!



A FEW HOURS BEFORE HOPALONG AND JESSICA
 WERE SPEEDING ALONG THE RIVER ROUTE...

HE HAD A BIG HEAD START
 ON US, BUT I'LL TRY TO
 CATCH UP TO HIM IF IT'S
 AT ALL POSSIBLE!



LOOK! THAT BUCKBOARD...
 IT SMASHED INTO THE TREE!

IT MIGHT BE THE ONE
 "WALRUS-MUSTACHE"
 WAS DRIVING! AND THE
 HORSE IS STILL THERE!
 MAYBE WE'VE CAUGHT
 UP TO HIM!



I DON'T SEE HIM YET! WAIT,
THERE'S THE BLIMPY!

EEEEK!

LOOK—THERE'S
BRUD'S WEDDING
RAT FLOATING
DOWN THE
RIVER! (SOS)
BRUD HAS
BEEN
DROWNED!

(SOS, SOS) THAT MURDERER SHOT
BRUD AND THREW HIM
IN THE RIVER!
(SOS) BRUD'S
DEAD!

MAYBE I CAN
FIND HIS BODY!



BUT AFTER SEARCHING THE
RIVER BOTTOM....

NO SIGN OF HIM! THAT'S STRANGE!
IF HIS RAT WERE FLOATING AROUND
HERE, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN, TOO!
UNLESS HE WAS CARRIED DOWN
THE RIVER AND WENT OVER
THE RAPIDS!

(SOS) EVERYTHING
IS GONE—MY
MARRIAGE—TO-BE
AND MY LIFE'S
SAVINGS!

LIFE'S
SAVINGS?

(SOS) YES! I
GAVE HIM TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS
JUST BEFORE HE
DROPT THAT RAT
AND HE WENT
ON THE WAY TO
THE JUSTICE OF
THE PEACE!

BUT WHY DID
YOU GIVE HIM
THE MONEY
BEFORE YOU
WERE MARRIED?
ISN'T THAT
UNUSUAL?

I GUESS SO,
BUT BRUD
PERSUADED
ME TO
DO IT!

PERSUADED YOU,
EH? JESSICA,
THIS ISN'T GOING
TO SOUND PERSU-
ANT TO YOU, BUT
I SMELL A
ROTTEN HOSE!

A
HORSE?

YES, SOMETHING TELLS ME
THIS WHOLE THING WAS
A PRAT CARRIED OUT BY
BRUD SO HE COULD GET
YOUR MONEY AND BEAT IT
WITHOUT MARRYING YOU!





A THE NEXT BOAT LANDING FURTHER DOWN THE RIVER....

MYRA'S MUM! I GET OFF—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS RICHER THAN I WAS THIS MORNING! MA, I KNOW POOLED JESSICA AND EVERYBODY ELSE! THEY'LL ALWAYS THINK THAT SOME "FALLING-MUSKED" ROWER* DID AWAY WITH ME! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW I DID THE WHOLE THING MYSELF!



THAT FOOL, JESSICA, SHOULD HAVE KNOWN I WAS ONLY AFTER HER MONEY AND WOULD NEVER MARRY... HUH? THERE'S HOPALONG!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, YOU CHEATING ROMBO!

ROMBO? (GULP) HOPALONG MUST HAVE SEEN THROUGH MY WHOLE SCHEME! I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM THE SLIP!

STOP, YOU CROOK!



THIS IS THE SECOND TIME I'LL BE DRYING INTO THE RIVER FOR HIM TODAY! BUT THIS TIME, I KNOW I'LL BE COMING UP WITH HIM!



B I DOESN'T TAKE THE GREAT HOPALONG LONG TO DRYD THE BEHAPPOLED HARLEY OUT OF THE RIVER!





TOP SPEED STOPS SPY

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

STOP HIM!
HE STOLE
THE SECRET
BLUEPRINTS!

MAYBE
WE CAN
STOP HIM
AT THE
CORNER!

LET'S
GO!

GLAD WE'RE
WEARING OUR
"P-F's"!

IT'LL GIVE
HIM A
"FLYING
BLOCK!"

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" TOSID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION®



HERE YOU ARE, SIR. NICE GOING, BOYS. YOUR SPEED HELPED CAPTURE A DANGEROUS CRY

AND YOU SAVED SOME IMPORTANT BLUEPRINTS

OUR "P-F's" HELPED US GO AT OUR BEST

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

- ...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
- ...INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER

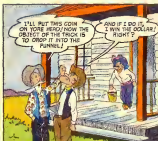


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HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING—WILLIAM BOYD

in THE CHASM OF DEATH!

THE CHASM OF DEATH HAS BEEN THE FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR MANY VICTIMS, AND NOW IT SEEMS AS IF HOPALONG CASSIDY, THE REVERED NAMED SHOOTER, IS GOING TO SUFFER THE SAME FATE, TOO!

I'M NOT DOWN THERE, HOPALONG! I BET YUH ARE ---AND YUH'LL NEVER GET OUT!

(GULP)

THAT ONE AFTERNOON AT NOON FLETCHER'S GOLD WAS IN THE HANDS OF THE BOYS.

I'M RIGHT HONORED, BLAME IT! BUT GOTTEN THAT AN AWARREN COMER TO THE ROAD IN NEED!

I'VE HEARD TELL HOW YUH STRUCK IT RIGHT UP HIND FLETCHER, AND AS LONG AS I HAD ROOMS BY I HAD TO GET IN AND GET IN IDEAS, NOW MUCH CASH I'LL NEED WHEN YUH BRING YOUR GOLD IN!

THAT A GOOD ID---AWAY? HEARD'S YUH? IT LOOKS AS IF SOME OTHER HOMEBODS ARE RIDING THIS WAY!

(GULP) THEN HE BRINGS THEM! THEY'RE COMING HIND TO STEAL MY GOLD.

THEY'LL KILL US FOR SURE!

NO THEY WON'T, AND HADDE THEY MONT GET MY GOLD EITHER. BY THE TIME THEY GET HERE AND CRACK OPEN MY SAFE, HADDE WE CAN BE BACK WITH HOPALONG!



THAT'S RIGHT! HE CAN RIDE OFF THIS BACK WAY WITHOUT THOSE CROOKS BEING ON LEAP AROUND! THE CHASE AND RACE INTO TOWN TO CALL CASSIDY! IT WON'T TAKE TOO LONG! LET'S GO!



WHO BETTER GO ALONE, FRETTE! MY HORN WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO JUMP ACROSS THAT CHASM! I'M TOO FAT! I'LL GO NOW IN SOME DEEP BRUSH!



LATER... THOSE BANDITS ARE SO BUSY TRYING TO OPEN THE SAFE, THEY'LL NEVER KNOW I'M WATCHING THEM! WHEN THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO--OH, OH, THEY'VE CRACKED IT OPEN! (GRASP) LOOK AT ALL THOSE BAGS OF GOLD!



I'M NOT GOING TO LET THOSE WURMETS GET AWAY WITH THAT PORTUNE--I WANT IT FOR MYSELF! AND THAT'S NOTHING TO STOP ME FROM GETTING IT! EVERYTHING IS SET UP JUST RIGHT! THE FIRST THING TO DO IS DEER MY GUN--



NOW TO CARRY OUT THE BEST OF MY PLAN! AS SOON AS I PUT THE GOLD ON MY BUCKBOARD, I'LL TAKE THEIR COCKS TO THE EDGE OF THE CHASM AND THROW THEM OVER!



SHORTLY AFTER THAT, THAT'S THE END OF THEM! NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!



HA, I COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME! HOPALONG AND PERWETT WILL OFFER THE BOUNTY NEXT IT WITH THE GOLD AND THEY'LL NEVER EVEN SUSPECT WHAT I DID! NOW I'LL RIDE TO TOWN!



AS THE CANNING MURDERER DRIVES SURELY BACK TOWARD TOWN, HE RECKONS TWO RIDERS RAN AWAY. HOPALONG CASSIDY (AND HOOD PERWETT) SPEEDING WADY UP THE HILL...

YOU'RE TOO LATE, I'M AFRAID! THOSE CANNING BACKS OPEN THE SAFE AND BLAZED BY HIM OF THE CHASE! I HED UNTIL THEY BEAT IT AND THEN JUMPED ON MY BACKBOARD TO LET YOU KNOW!



(SIGH) I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WE COULDN'T GET BACK IN TIME!

WHEW! I CAN STILL CATCH SIGHT OF THEM RIDING AWAY FROM THE TOP OF THE OTHER CLIFF!



HA, YOU'LL NEVER CATCH SIGHT OF THOSE HOW-REB RIDING AWAY, HOPALONG!

THIS IS ONE CASE THE GREAT CASSIDY WILL NEVER SOLVE! HE'LL NEVER THINK TO LOOK FOR THEM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CANYON AND AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, HE'LL JUST CONTINUE TO MAKE A CLEAN GETAWAY WITH THE GOLD!



I'M AS SAFE AS A BURN IN A RED--(GASP) I FORGOT SOMETHING! I LEFT THE CROOKY HORSES OUTSIDE THE SHACK!

WHAT A DANGEROUS POOL THIS IS TO DO! WHEN HOPALONG SEES THOSE BOUNTIES, HE'LL GET SEE THAT BOUNTY IS HIGH BECAUSE BOUNTIES DON'T RIDE OFF WITHOUT THE HORSES! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



MEANWHILE--

NOT A SIGHT OF THEM! I GUESS THEY WAD TOO MUCH OF A HEAD START!



LET'S GO BACK TO PERWETT'S OFFICE, HOPPER! WHEW! WE CAN FIND SOME CUES THERE!



A NEW MOMENT TO LIVE...

DID HE
SPOT THEM,
HORRONS?

NO! IN AFRAID
THEY'RE FAR OFF
BY NOW!



BY THEY COULDN'T
HAVE GONE TOO
FAR WITHOUT THEIR
HORSES!

HMM? WITHOUT
THEIR
HORSES?



THAT'S RIGHT!
THAT THEY
ARE! THOSE
CROOKS LEFT
THEIR HORSE!

THAT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE!
BANDITS DON'T
MAKE THEM GET
AWAY WITHOUT
THEIR HORSES!



SOMETHING
SEEMINGLY
IS GOING ON!
WAIT A SECOND!
BLAIR SAID HE
SAW THEM
RIDE OFF!

GOSH, THAT'S
RIGHT! HE
DID SAY THAT!



BLAIR WOULDN'T LIE TO
US FOR NO REASON!
SOMETHING TELLS ME
HE'S RIDDEN A HOT
ONE!

HUH?
WHAT DO
YUH
MEAN?



THIS IS ONLY A HENCH, REMITT,
BUT I THINK BLAIR KILLED THE
THREE BANDITS WHILE THEY
WERE CRACKING OPEN THE SAFE,
DISPOSED OF THEIR BODIES
AND TOOK THE GOLD
HIMSELF!

(GASP) HE COULD
HAVE DONE IT!
HE WAS UP THERE
BY HIMSELF
WHEN THEY
CAME!



MY HENCH MAY BE ALL
WRONG, BUT IT'S WORTH
FOLLOWING UP! NOW IF
BLAIR REALLY DID DISPOSE
OF THE BODIES, IT'S MOST
LIKELY HE WOULD HAVE
THROWN THEM DOWN THE
CANYON! LET'S GO TAKE
A LOOK!

FOUR HORRONS! IF
THEY'RE TAKEN, WE'LL
KNOW FOR SURE THAT
BLAIR IS THE GUESTY
HOMER!



IN A HOT MIST...

I CAN'T SEE ALL THE
WAY TO THE BOTTOM!
YOU'LL HAVE TO LOWER ME
FAR ENOUGH DOWN
TILL I CAN!

ALL RIGHT!





AS HOPALONG HURRIES TO THE RESCUE

HA, THE MIGHTY HOPALONG! HE'S SO BRAGGING IN HIS OWN LIKE A DEFENDING ROY! IT'LL BE EASY TO RESCUE HIM FULL OF HOLES!



AS BLAIR HURRIES OVER TO MEET HOPALONG

I WAS WAITING FOR YOU, BLAIR!

(GASP) HE SHOT MY OWN FELLOW!



"YOU'LL SPILL BLOOD, CASSIDY! I'LL CUT THE ROPE AND YOU'LL GO BUSTLING TO YOUR DEATH ON THE ROCKS BELOW!"



BUT IN HIS HASTE TO CUT THE ROPE

OOFS, HE'S SLIPPING! (GASP) HE'S GOING OVER THE EDGE!

HE'S FALLING DOWN INTO THE CHASM!

HELP!!



HE DIED THE DEATH HE PLANNED FOR ME... AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CHASM. LONGBOW THE BODIES OF HIS THREE OTHER VICTIMS!



I'VE GOT TO CLIMB OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS I CAN AND GET A FERRYWIT TO STILL HAVE!



IN A SHORT TIME, THE MIGHTY HOPALONG IS OUT OF THE CHASM

HE IS ALIVE! BUT HE'S IN A BAD WAY! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE TO SAVE HIS LIFE AND THAT'S TO RUSH HIM TO A DOCTOR!



ENTER CASSIDY

--AND I FOUND ALL THE GOLD IN BLAIR'S SACK-BOARD!

YOU NOT ONLY SAVED MY LIFE, BUT YOU SAVED MY GOLD, TOO! YOU'RE THE GREATEST HONOR IN THE WEST, HOPALONG!



GOOD FOR THE GREAT WEST! THANKS FOR YOUR LIFE, HOPALONG! HOPALONG CASSIDY! THE GREATEST HONOR IN THE WEST AND A SHOOTING HERO!



HERE THEY ARE, PALS! THE WINNERS OF HOPALONG CASSIDY'S TRAIL TWISTER CONTEST No. 1

First Prize of \$10 To . . .

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THE SHOT IN THE SHACK

By Westbrook Wilson

BUCKY STONE had been in the saddle for three days and his meagre food supply was exhausted. He was headed for the Broken Y Ranch, just beyond Arrowhead, where he figured his old friend, Jake Smithers, would hire him on, at least for the roundup. But that would mean half-a-day more of riding and he was hungry right now.

A thin spiral of smoke off to the southwest caught his eye and he kneeed Old Blackie gently in that direction. The sure-footed mustang clattered down the rocky slope toward a dry river bed, crossed, and mounted the bank on the other side. At the summit, Bucky could see the source of the smoke, the rickety chimney of a weather-beaten line shack.

"Reckon somebody's at least got coffee on to boil, and they don't have to send me an engraved invitation," thought Bucky, smacking his lips.

Inside the shack two men were arguing and their voices grew louder as the heat of the debate increased. One, about thirty years old, slender and hawk-faced with a great mop of untidy jet black hair was sprawled on the wooden bunk, rolling a cigarette. The other, perhaps twenty years older, gray-haired and heavy set, was pacing the packed earth floor. He spoke: "Blas't it all, Ned, I thought up the whole thing and I'm entitled to the Ben's share. After all, it was my bank that we robbed!"

"Blas't it yourself, you old faker!" responded Ned. "We agreed to split fifty-fifty and that's how we split! Unless you want me to gun you down and take all of it!"

The elder man's hand ficked at his holster. "Don't you go threatening me, you whipper-snapper! I haven't forgotten how to draw and shoot!"

"I'm not threatening. I'm just telling you! I took all the chances pulling off the fake robbery so you could steal your deposi'tors'

money. If I'd been caught you'd have sworn up and down you didn't have anything to do with it and all the saps would've believed you. I'd be the one that'd end up behind bars."

"You took no chances!" thundered the banker. "It was my brains that arranged the fool-proof setup. I left the safe open for you. I saw that the coast was clear before I signalled you to come in. I let you tie me up without any resistance. Your job was easy as pie!"

"You're a liar!" snapped Ned.

"You're another!" bellowed the banker, hammering his fist so hard on the table that the coffee cups jumped.

The two men had been yelling so loud they had failed to hear the hoofbeats of the approaching horse. Banker Greentree happened to glance through the grimy window and saw a face peering in. Without hesitation he flipped out his gun and fired through the glass. He hadn't fled about being fast on the draw, anyway.

As the explosive "crack!" mingled with the crash of broken glass, Ned leaped from the bunk and yelled, "Who was it?"

"I don't know," said the banker. "A stranger."

"Then why . . . ?"

"Use your head, man. He must've heard us talking about the bank robbery. If he lives to get the sheriff, he can put us both behind bars for twenty years. Come on!"

Perhaps the dirty window had hurt Greentree's aim. In any case, the slug has missed Bucky Stone, flying harmlessly past his ear. And Bucky wasn't waiting around for more. He had sped away from that line shack with all possible haste. By the time Ned and Greentree rushed out and mounted, he was nearly out of pistol range.

They gave chase, firing as they rode. Bucky turned and emptied his six-gun at the pursuers, not with any idea of hitting them, but

(Please turn to next page)



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only in the hope that the bullets might slow them down. However, they came on relentlessly, and gradually their bullets came closer; the distance between the pursued and pursuers narrowed.

Bucky realized that Old Blackie, tired after the three-day journey, couldn't hope to win a race against the fresh mounts. Bucky loosened his lariat, and cut sharply to the right with the curve of the trail. For a moment he was hidden from the pursuers. His boots were free of the stirrups and he leaped from the horse, sending Old Blackie on alone.

Ned and the banker came 'round the curve, almost abreast. Bucky tossed his loop, catching Ned's shoulder. Ned was pulled backward and sideways, and as he fell, he knocked Greentree to the ground with him. While the men lay stunned from the fall, Bucky Stone leaped forward and had them covered.

It was several hours later when Bucky led the Arrowhead sheriff and two deputies out to where Ned and Greentree were securely bound together by the trailside.

"Reckon the jig's up," said Ned, as they saw the lawmen approaching.

"Yes, they've caught the bank robber, right enough," said Greentree. Ned was not in a position to see the sly gleam in the older man's eye.

The sheriff was plainly astonished to recognize the prominent banker as one of the two men. "Banker Greentree! You!" exclaimed the lawman.

"It's me, and I'm sure glad to see you, Sheriff. You came to my rescue just in time. I want to place charges against this man here, Ned. He is the one who robbed my bank. I had just caught him red-handed with the loot when that crazy galoot (he pointed to Bucky) came along and tied us both up. He must've thought I was an owlhoot too, ha-ha-ha!"

Ned's voice was furious. "Why you ornery, double-dealing snake! You're not going to throw the blame on me and get yourself off scot-free! You're in this deeper than I am

because you planned the robbery of your own bank and I can prove it!"

The sheriff threw a questioning look at Greentree.

"He lies!" growled the banker.

"I lie, do I?" asked Ned. "Well, you just check up on his accounts and you'll find there's a big shortage. He's been stealing from the bank for years and he staged this robbery to cover up. Besides, you can ask that hombre there." He pointed at Bucky Stone, then continued, "That hombre was right outside the shack and he heard the banker blabbering with his own big mouth about how he was the brains behind the robbery and wanted the lion's share of the loot.

"That's why Greentree was so all-fired anxious to gun him down. He didn't want a live witness."

A thoughtful look spread over the sheriff's face. He took an old envelope from his pocket and wrote on it with a stubby pencil. Then he handed the writing to Bucky, who looked at it, raised his eyebrows, and then nodded, smiling.

"What's up? What's the writing about?" asked the banker.

"H," said the sheriff, "this man, Bucky Stone, was kind of hankering to learn why you two tried to kill him, seeing as he was a stranger and had never done you any harm. You see, the only reason he came up to the shack was that he was a mite hungry and thought maybe you'd grubstake him to a little coffee and some jerky."

"But why did you write it? Why didn't you just tell him?" asked Ned.

"He can't bear anything—he's stone deaf," said the lawman.

"Then you mean . . . ?"

"That's right. He couldn't have testified against you. In fact, he had no idea you were bank robbers until I wrote it out for him, just now!"

THE END

HEY KIDS!

TELL MOM YOU WANT
TO CARRY A FRESH
HOME MADE LUNCH
IN YOUR OWN....

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TELL MOM THE BOTTLE HAS THE SWELL NEW
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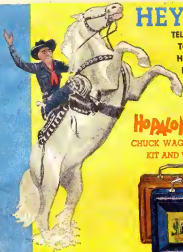


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HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

**The PRESENT WITH
NO FUTURE!**

"THIS ISN'T YOUR
BIRTHDAY, HOPALONG,
BUT WE'RE GOING TO
GIVE YUH A PRESENT—
A BELLIFUL
OF HOT LEAD!"

(GULP)

**LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, HOPALONG CASSIDY ENJOYS
PRESENTS! BUT PLEASURE TURNS TO HORROR WHEN
THE GIFT PRESENTS A FUTURE OF CERTAIN
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!**

**EARLY ONE
EVENING IN
THE TWIN RIVER
CANYON—**

"HONKY, YOUNG FELLER, WE'RE
STRANGERS IN TOWN! COULD
YUH DO A FAVOR FOR US?"

"I RECKON
SO! WHAT
DO YUH
WANT?"

**JUST DELIVER THIS PACKAGE
TO MR. FINLEY, THE OWNER OF
THE BANK! HE'S WORKING
ON HIS BOOKS LATE TONIGHT!**

**QUICKER,
THE BANK IS
ONLY A SHORT
DISTANCE DOWN
THE STREET! WHY
CAN'T YUH TAKE
IT OVER
YOURSELF?**



THE TWO BOMB
WENT OFF RIGHT
ON TIME!

YEAH! IT WAS
SOME "PRESENT"
FOR US! NOW
IT'LL BE CHILD'S
PLAY TO CLEAN
OUT THE SAFE!

IT'S JUST LIKE
WE PLANNED. THE
BOMB KILLED BOTH
KIDNEY KILLER AND
BUTLER. BELLA! - IF THAT WOULD
THAT'S BORING!
LEFT OF THEM.

THAT'S THE WAY
IT HAD TO BE!
HE KNEW THAT
AND BOTH WERE
BOMBING! - IF THAT WOULD
THAT'S BORING!
LEFT OF THEM.

NOW LET'S
GRAB THE LOOT
AND BEAT IT
OUT OF HERE!

DON'T WORRY! BY
THE TIME ANYBODY
GETS HERE, WE'LL
BE GONE!

THOM KILLED FRANK, OVERTOOK HOPALONG CASSIDY,
RUSHED TO THE BANK AFTER HEARING THE
EXPLOSION! BUT BY THE TIME HE GETS THERE...

NOT A SIGN OF THE COONS!
THEY BLEW UP THE PLACE,
EMPTYED THE SAFE AND
MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY!

WHAT'S THAT UNDER THE DESK - (GASP) -
IT'S AKE, FINLEY, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!
HE WAS HERE WHEN THE EXPLOSION
TOOK PLACE! HE MUST HAVE
BEEN KILLED
INSTANTLY!

THERE AREN'T
ANY CLUES!
BUT I WON'T
STOP TILL I
FIND THE
MURDERER
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS...
HUNT!

HOPALONG!
I JUST HEARD
ABOUT THE
EXPLOSION. I'VE
GOT TO TELL YOU
SOMETHING!

AFTER ADAMS EXPLODES--

AND WHAT THEY SAW
WAS A "PRESENT" ACTUALLY
MUST HAVE BEEN A
TIME BOMB! THAT'S
WHY THEY TOLD ME TO
BRING IT HERE AT
EXACTLY ONE
MINUTE AFTER
MIDNIGHT!

IT'S A
GOOD
THING YOU
BOUGHT IT
HERE EARLY.
BECAUSE, IF
YOU WOULD
HAVE BEEN BLOWN
TO PIECES.
TOO!

THOSE MILLERS MUST
THINK YOU'RE DEAD
ALSO - AND THAT'S
GOING TO
CATCH THEM!

HUNT? WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
HOPALONG?











YOU GET MORE BBs FOR YOUR MONEY, PARDNER, IN DAISY'S GIANT BB POUCH OF BULLS EYE SHOT!

-Red Ryder

BB COUNTING SURVEY Proves Daisy Gives

MORE BBs FOR 5¢

Survey Made Feb. 25, 1933

Count 'Em! Compare 'Em! Ask Dad's Help! Yes, the 5 CENT GIANT BB POUCH of Daisy Bulls Eye Shot gives you MORE for your money! You get more size—more shots—more value—more fun! Bulls Eye is made right in the big Daisy Factory where ALL DAISY AIR RIFLES are produced. Bulls Eye is expertly made to the correct diameter, roundness and smoothness—to FIT DAISY SHOOTING BARRELS! Pearly-made "out of round," rough or over-size size may stick and ruin your Daisy barrel and air tube. Be safe and sure—always buy and use Daisy Bulls Eye in the famous Giant BB Pouch! Get the most and the BEST BBs for your Daisy! Ask for it BY NAME. Say: "A Giant Pouch of Bulls Eye BBs, Please!"



128 BBs for only 5¢ in the DAISY GIANT BULLS EYE POUCH



REMARK: ONLY DAISY GIANT BB POUCH is known to be the most accurate and reliable BB pouch in the world.

128 BBs for only 5¢
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Model 17! This famous Daisy repeater holds nearly 1000 shots! Look, look, look! Here's a real Western style gun! Perfect! Call your nearest dealer, gun store, ask dealer for No. 118

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**Sparkling, Simulated
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